

WILD BOY

Jungle Sorcery... THE CURSE OF KALUNGA

10c

No. 8  
OCT.-NOV.

# Wild Boy

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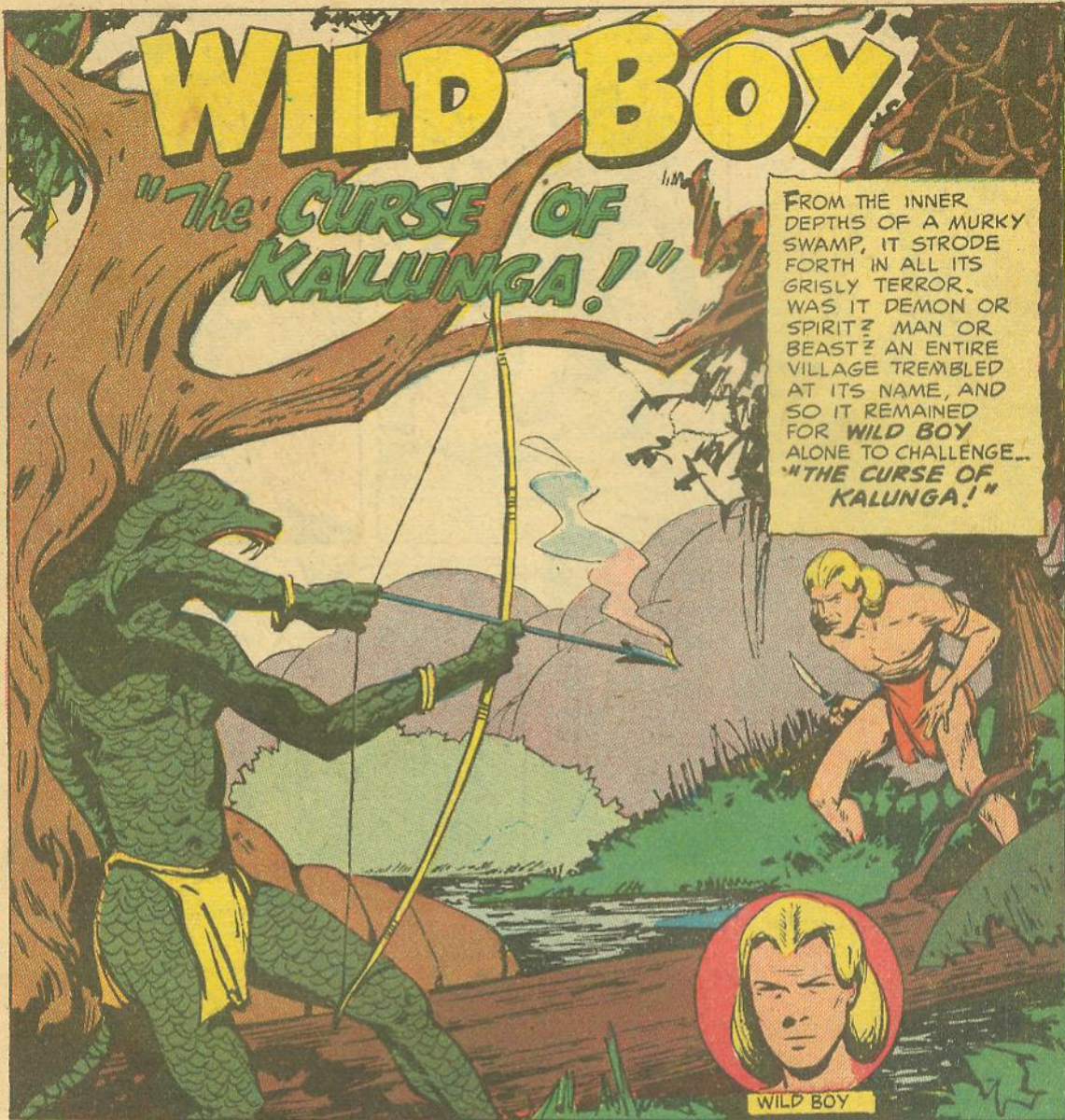
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# WILD BOY

## "The CURSE OF KALUNGA!"

FROM THE INNER DEPTHS OF A MURKY SWAMP, IT STRODE FORTH IN ALL ITS GRISLY TERROR. WAS IT DEMON OR SPIRIT? MAN OR BEAST? AN ENTIRE VILLAGE TREMBLED AT ITS NAME, AND SO IT REMAINED FOR **WILD BOY** ALONE TO CHALLENGE...  
**"THE CURSE OF KALUNGA!"**



WILD BOY

IN A TINY VILLAGE THAT BORDERS THE HOSTILE JUNGLE, WILD BOY AND KEETO WITNESS A SOLEMN NATIVE CEREMONY...

BUT IN THE CROWD OF NATIVE ONLOOKERS...

WATCH CLOSELY, WILD BOY! CHIEF NEDRU WILL NOW GIVE THEM HIS BLESSING! IT MEANS THAT HIS DAUGHTER, WAMPITTI, AND THE WARRIOR, ASKURRI, WILL BE MARRIED ON THE NEXT FEAST DAY!

I KNOW ASKURRI WELL, KEETO. HE IS A BRAVE FIGHTER AND A SKILLED HUNTER!

I SHOULD BE IN ASKURRI'S PLACE. HE HAS WON WAMPITTI THROUGH **TRICKERY AND LIES!** HE WILL PAY FOR IT WITH HIS LIFE!









THAT EVENING...

TELL ME, KEETO! WHAT IS THE CURSE OF KALUNGA?

KALUNGA IS AN ANCIENT **SPIRIT DEMON!** IT IS SAID THAT HE MAKES HIS HOME IN THE GREAT SWAMP! I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM, BUT THOSE WHO HAVE SAY HE IS TERRIBLE TO LOOK UPON! HE IS LIKE A SNAKE!



IT IS ALSO SAID THAT IF A MAN ASKS FOR KALUNGA'S HELP, AND HE BE IN THE RIGHT-- THEN KALUNGA WILL HELP! BUT IF HE IS **WRONG**, THEN HE WILL BE **CURSED** BY THE DEMON!



IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, KEETO, WHY WOULD WAGABI ASK FOR HELP-- WHEN HE KNOWS THAT **HE** HAS DONE WRONG?

I HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT, TOO, WILD BOY, BUT IT IS SOMETHING THAT ONLY KALUNGA CAN DECIDE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AS TWO NATIVES SEARCH THE SWAMP FOR GAME, A SUDDEN SOUND FILLS THEM WITH TREMBLING FEAR...



LISTEN, BATTU! THE CRY OF A BEAST!

GROW-RR!

IT IS KALUNGA!

I COME TO AVENGE, WAGABI! PREPARE TO DIE!



ARRGHH!

THUD!



I HAVE PLANNED IT WELL! SOON THE WORD WILL SPREAD THAT KALUNGA AVENGES WAGABI! THEY WILL **BEG** FOR MY RETURN -- BUT FIRST ASKURRI MUST **DIE!**



**NEWS OF THE KILLING STAMPEDES THE VILLAGE INTO A FIERY FRENZY OF SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR...**



WAGABI'S CURSE IS TRUE! THE WRATH OF KALUNGA IS UPON US!

WAIT, MY PEOPLE! LET ME SPEAK!



WE DO NOT WANT WORDS, NEDRU! BRING BACK WAGABI! GIVE HIM YOUR DAUGHTER AS WIFE, BEFORE KALUNGA SLAYS US ALL!



WAIT! ARE YOU WARRIORS OR COWARDS? PUT ASIDE YOUR FEAR AND LISTEN! YOU SAY KALUNGA FAVORS WAGABI -- BUT IS THIS REALLY SO?



WHAT IF WAGABI LIED TO KALUNGA? HE MUST HEAR THE TRUTH FROM ONE OF US!

YES, BUT WHO WOULD DARE FACE KALUNGA?



I WILL! I WILL TELL HIM OF WAGABI'S EVIL -- AND HE WILL DECIDE WHICH OF US TELLS THE TRUTH!



BEAT THE DRUMS! TELL KALUNGA THAT ASKURRI WOULD SPEAK TO HIM IN THE GREAT SWAMP!

**MOMENTS LATER, THE AIR VIBRATES TO THE PULSATING MESSAGE OF JUNGLE TOM-TOMS...**

I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT, WILD BOY, BUT I FEEL AS THOUGH ASKURRI WERE GOING TO HIS DEATH!

IT IS MY FEELING, TOO, KEETO! BUT I HAVE A PLAN! COME, WE MUST LEAVE THE VILLAGE AT ONCE!





THAT EVENING, AS TWILIGHT FALLS IN THE GREAT SWAMP...



HEAR ME, GREAT KALUNGA! I AM THE WARRIOR ASKURRI!

HE COMES UNARMED! GOOD! SOON HE WILL LIE AT MY FEET! THE TIME HAS COME TO STRIKE!

KALUNGA READS YOUR EVIL THOUGHTS, ASKURRI! YOU COME TO LIE ABOUT WAGABI!

NO! I COME TO TELL THE TRUTH!



HEAR MY WORDS, AND ...

NO! HEAR THE WORDS OF KALUNGA: WAGABI SHALL MARRY WAMPITTI, AND FOR YOUR LIES — YOU DIE!



NEVER BY YOUR HAND!

THUD



FOOL! TO CHALLENGE KALUNGA IS DEATH!

AND FROM THEIR PROTECTIVE COVER, CHIEF NEDRU AND HIS WARRIORS LOOK ON WITH AMAZEMENT...



AH-III!!!

THUD



WILD BOY DOES BATTLE WITH THE GREAT KALUNGA!

AND HE TRIUMPHS! BUT HOW?



SECONDS LATER, THE BATTLE IS OVER...



BEHOLD, GREAT WARRIORS!  
HIS FACE IS FIERCE, BUT  
HIS BODY TREMBLES  
LIKE GRASS IN THE  
WIND!



THIS IS NO GREAT SPIRIT!  
THIS IS NOT KALUNGA —  
BUT THE COWARD WAGABI!

IT IS  
TRUE!  
LOOK,  
NEDRU!  
HE WEARS  
A MASK!



SPARE ME,  
NEDRU! I  
WILL DO ALL  
YOU SAY!  
MERCY,  
NEDRU,  
MERCY!

NO! YOU SHALL PAY  
FOR THIS EVIL!  
SEIZE HIM, WARRIORS!  
TEAR OFF HIS  
EVIL MASK!

BUT WHEN THE MASK IS  
TORN FREE...



NEDRU!  
LOOK!

HIS FACE  
HAS CHANGED!



WAIT! DO NOT FOLLOW!  
WAGABI NOW BELONGS  
TO KALUNGA!



WAGABI HAS  
PAID FOR HIS  
EVIL, AND BECAUSE  
OF YOU, WILD  
BOY, I NOW  
CAN MARRY  
WAMPITTI!

I AM GLAD, ASKURRI! NO  
MAN CAN EXPLAIN WHAT  
HAPPENED, BUT WE HAVE  
**SEEN** WAGABI'S  
PUNISHMENT! WE MUST  
NEVER PRY INTO THINGS  
THAT WE CANNOT  
UNDERSTAND!

TIME PASSES. WITH EACH PASSING MONTH  
THE SET OF WAGABI'S SERPENTINE FACE  
DEEPENS. AND WHENEVER THE MOON IS  
FULL, HIS AGONIZING CRY RINGS  
MOURNFULLY THROUGH THE BROODING  
JUNGLE NIGHT. A GRIM REMINDER TO  
THOSE WHO WOULD PLOT EVIL!



THE END

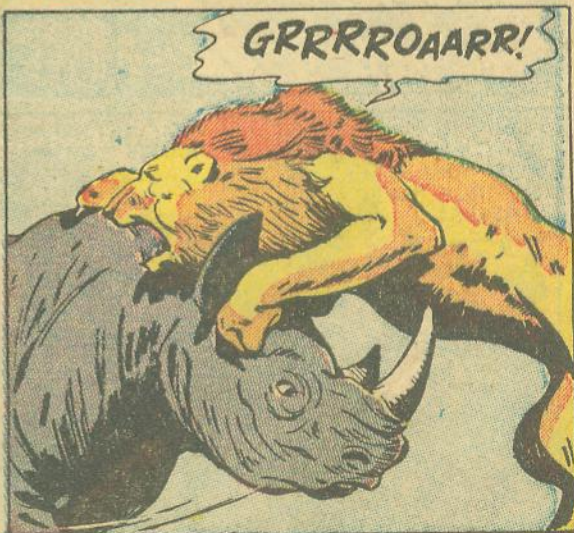


# WILD BOY

in

## MAN-EATER

REX CUTLER HUNTED WITH A CAMERA. HE FACED COUNTLESS HAZARDS AND RISKED DEATH EVERY DAY TO GET THE ONLY TROPHIES THAT MATTERED TO HIM — FINE PICTURES OF WILD BEASTS. OUR STORY OPENS IN BWAMALI TERRITORY. WE SEE CUTLER AND HIS CAMERAMAN AS THEY FOCUS ON A HULKING RHINO FROM BEHIND AN IMPROVISED BLIND NEAR A WATER HOLE ...





**SUDDENLY, A DEADLY SWISH OF SPEARS INTERRUPTS THE SAVAGE, NO-QUARTER BATTLE...**



**AII-EEE!**

**AII-EEEE!**



REX, WHAT DO WE DO IF THEY DISCOVER US? THEY DON'T LOOK VERY FRIENDLY!

JUST GET THIS HUNK OF JUNGLE DRAMA ON FILM. WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER!



OH-OH! THEY FOUND US!

I AM WATIBBI, CHIEF OF THE BWAMALI! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? **SPEAK!**

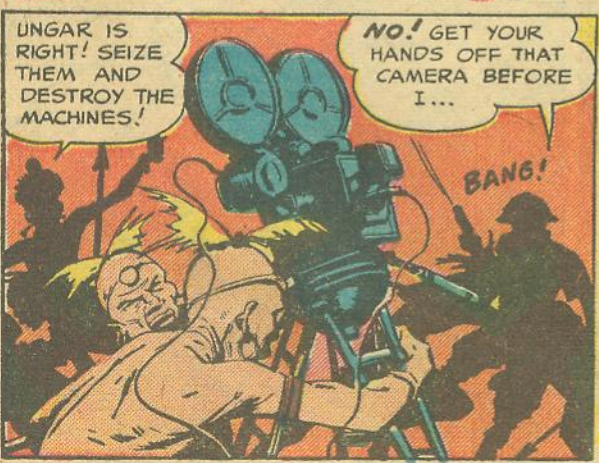
WE ARE TAKING PICTURES OF ANIMALS! THESE MACHINES DO NO HARM! LET ME SHOW YOU SOME PICTURES WE HAVE TAKEN!



WHITE MEN LIE! DEVIL MACHINES DRIVE ANIMALS AWAY! SOON BWAMALI HAVE NO MORE FOOD! UNGAR SAY DESTROY MACHINES!

HEY, DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, CHIEF! WE'RE TELLING THE TRUTH! THESE MACHINES WON'T HURT A FLY!

**THE SHOT BRINGS WILD BOY TO THE SCENE...**



UNGAR IS RIGHT! SEIZE THEM AND DESTROY THE MACHINES!

**NO!** GET YOUR HANDS OFF THAT CAMERA BEFORE I...

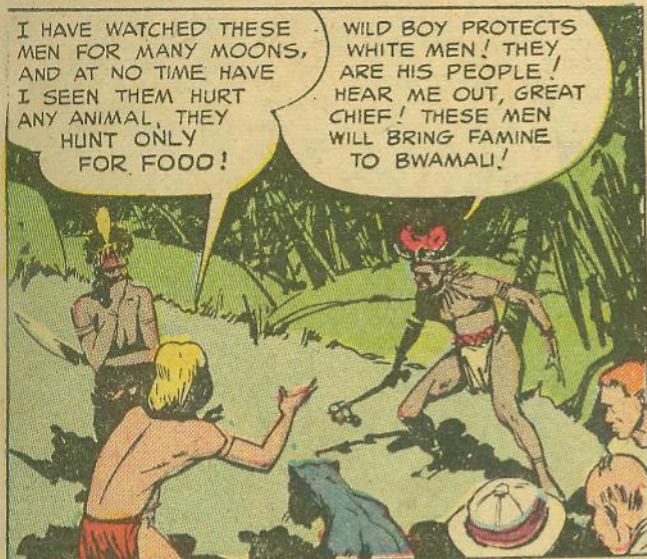
**BANG!**



**WAIT!** LISTEN TO ME BEFORE BLOOD IS SHED FOOLISHLY!

IT IS OUR FRIEND WILD BOY! LET US LISTEN TO HIM!





AS THE NATIVES RETURN TO THEIR VILLAGE...



AS THE SMALL CARAVAN LEAVES...



AS EVENING FALLS ON THE QUIET BWAMALI VILLAGE...







WAAEEEE!

LISTEN, DARO!  
FROM THE  
SWAMALI VILLAGE!



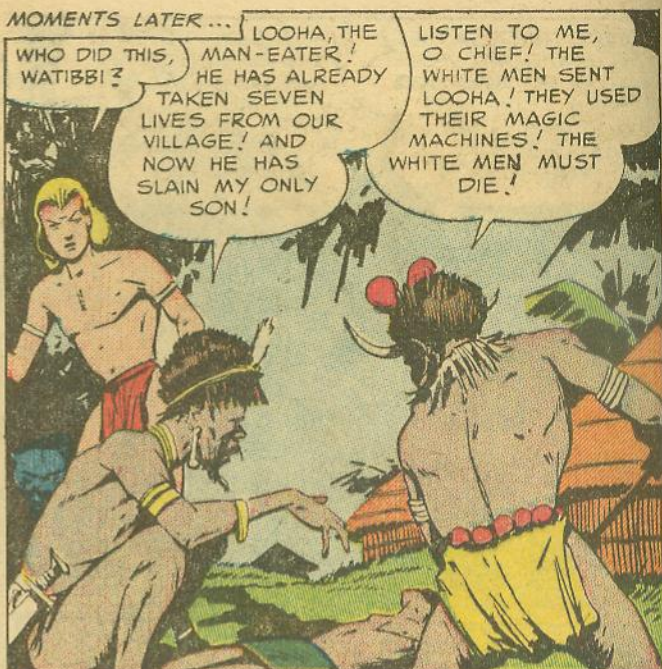
UNGAR IS RIGHT! THE WHITE  
HUNTERS MUST BE FOUND  
AND KILLED!

I MUST  
WARN REX  
CUTLER!



YOU MUST  
LEAVE —

WAIT A MINUTE —  
MAN-EATING LION?  
A GREAT OLD FIERCE-  
LOOKING DEVIL? I  
THINK WE HAVE  
A SHOT OF HIM!



MOMENTS LATER...  
WHO DID THIS, LOOHA, THE  
MAN-EATER!  
WATIBBI? HE HAS ALREADY  
TAKEN SEVEN  
LIVES FROM OUR  
VILLAGE! AND  
NOW HE HAS  
SLAIN MY ONLY  
SON!

LISTEN TO ME,  
O CHIEF! THE  
WHITE MEN SENT  
LOOHA! THEY USED  
THEIR MAGIC  
MACHINES! THE  
WHITE MEN MUST  
DIE!

SOON, AT THE WHITE MEN'S CAMP...



WILD BOY! YOU'RE JUST IN  
TIME TO SEE SOME OF THE  
FILM WE DEVELOPED!

THERE IS NO TIME  
TO LOSE! WATTIBI'S  
SON WAS KILLED BY  
LOOHA, THE MAN-EATER,  
WHOSE LAIR THE TRIBE  
CANNOT FIND! THEY BLAME  
THE CHILD'S DEATH ON  
YOU! YOUR LIVES  
ARE IN DANGER!

THE FILM IS RUN OFF AND...



IT IS LOOHA! YOU HAVE  
MADE A GREAT DISCOVERY!  
NOW I KNOW WHERE TO  
FIND THE KILLER!



NOW THE DEATH  
OF THE NATIVES  
CAN BE AVENGED...

**LET NONE  
ESCAPE! SEIZE  
THEM ALL!**



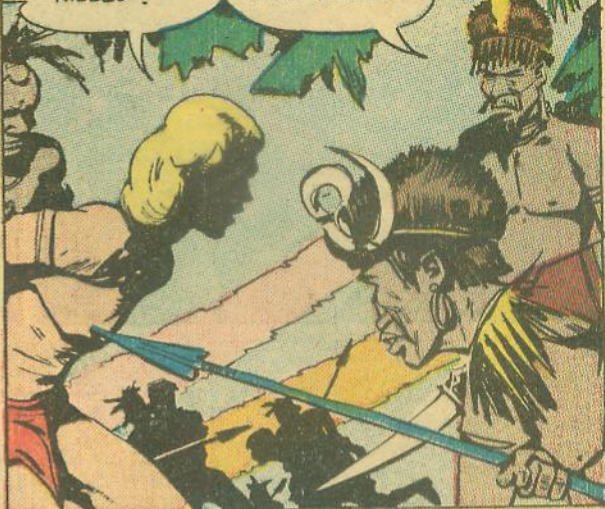
PUT UP YOUR  
SPEARS! I  
PROMISE YOU  
THE SKIN OF  
LOOHA BY  
TOMORROW,  
OR THE WHITE  
MEN PAY WITH  
THEIR LIVES!

I HAVE ALWAYS  
RESPECTED YOUR  
WORD! GO, AND  
MAY THE JUNGLE  
GODS BE  
WITH YOU!



CHIEF WATIBBI,  
WHAT WOULD  
YOU GIVE TO  
SEE LOOHA,  
THE MAN-EATER  
KILLED?

YOU SPEAK EMPTY WORDS  
TO APPEASE ME, WILD  
BOY! IF YOU ARE  
TELLING THE TRUTH, I  
WILL SET THESE  
MEN FREE!



SOON, AT THE LAIR OF LOOHA...

THESE ARE LOOHA'S  
TRACKS! NOW FOR THE  
MAN-EATER TO COME!

OWWRRR!

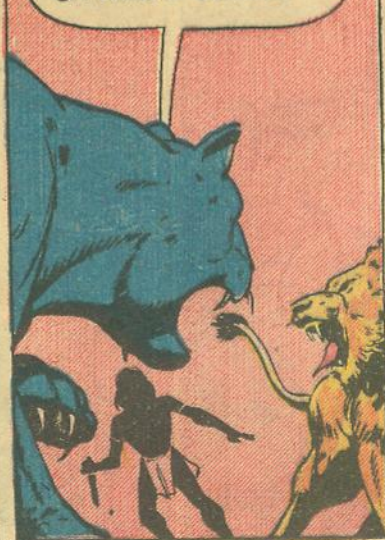


AT DAWN...

AT LAST, GHOST KILLER,  
WE ARE FACE TO  
FACE! BEFORE YOU  
QUENCH YOUR  
THIRST, MY KNIFE  
WILL DRINK  
YOUR BLOOD!  
**TURN!**



THERE IS NO ESCAPE!  
CHOOSE! MY KNIFE  
OR DARO'S CLAWS!



RRROAARRR!







NOT YET, DARO!  
LOOHA HAS HAD  
HIS CHANCE!  
NOW IT IS  
**MINE!**



**EGRRRAARRRG!**



LOOHA IS NO MORE! THE  
BWAMALI ARE AVENGED, BUT  
THERE IS LITTLE TIME! I  
MUST RETURN WITH THIS  
SKIN BEFORE THE SUN GOES  
HIGHER!

IN THE MEANTIME, UNGAR'S FURIOUS HATRED CREATES A  
CHANGE IN PLANS...

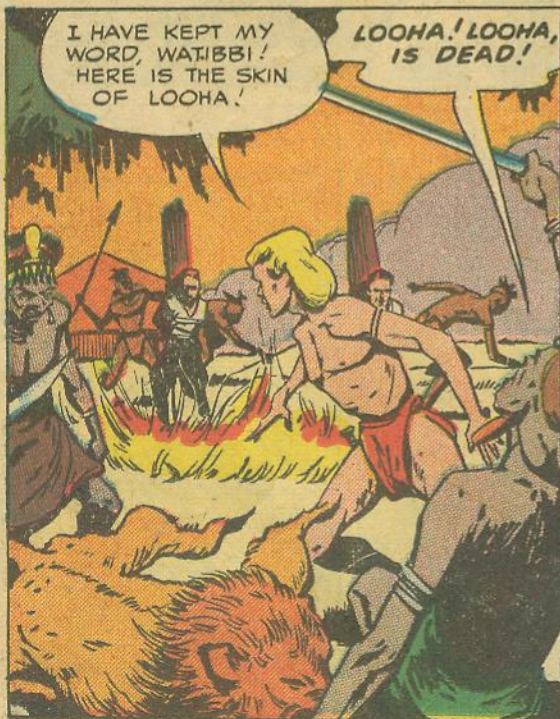


GREAT CHIEF, WILD D  
BOY HAS NOT COME! WHY  
SHOULD WE WAIT? PERHAPS  
HE HAS GONE TO BRING  
SOLDIERS TO FREE THESE  
EVIL MEN!

YOU SPEAK WISELY,  
UNGAR! LET US NOT  
WASTE TIME! LIGHT  
THE FIRES AND BEGIN  
THE CEREMONY!

AS THE SAVAGE RITES RISE TO FULL FURY...

WHEN WILD BOY EXPLAINS HOW REX AND HIS  
MEN LED HIM TO LOOHA'S LAIR...



I HAVE KEPT MY  
WORD, WATIBBI!  
HERE IS THE SKIN  
OF LOOHA!

**LOOHA! LOOHA,  
IS DEAD!**



WHITE BROTHERS,  
I WAS WRONG NOT  
TO TRUST YOU—I  
ALLOWED MY MIND  
TO BE POISONED  
AGAINST YOU. BUT  
HEREAFTER I SHALL  
TAKE MY OWN  
COUNSEL, AS A  
CHIEF **SHOULD**  
DO!

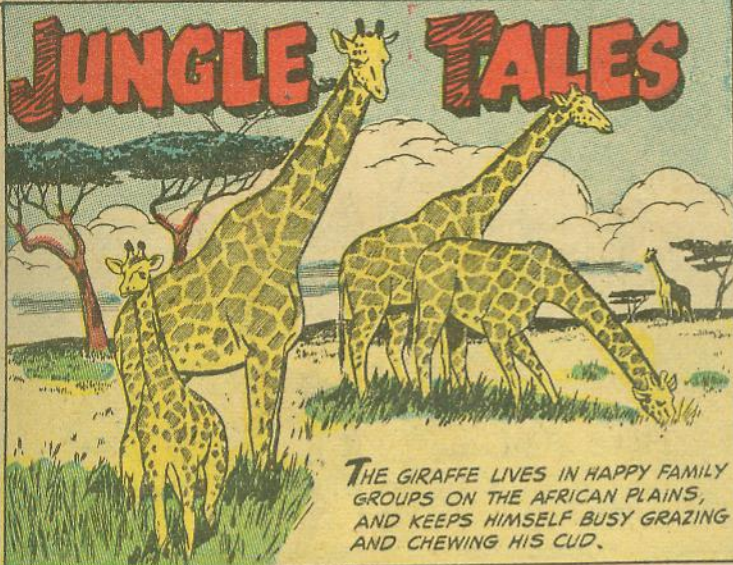
NO! IT IS **WE** WHO  
ARE INDEBTED TO  
**YOU!** MANY BRING  
DEATH TO THE JUNGLE!  
BUT YOU HAVE GIVEN  
THE BWAMALI A NEW  
LIFE! YOU HAVE  
REMOVED THE  
THREAT TO THEIR  
SAFETY!

AGAIN, WE ARE  
INDEBTED TO  
YOU, WILD BOY!

**THE END**

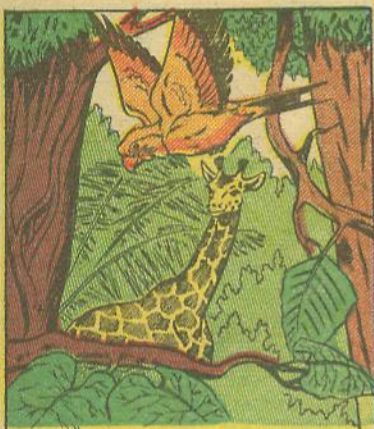


# JUNGLE TALES



THE GIRAFFE LIVES IN HAPPY FAMILY GROUPS ON THE AFRICAN PLAINS, AND KEEPS HIMSELF BUSY GRAZING AND CHEWING HIS CUD.

THE GIRAFFES STAY PRETTY MUCH TOGETHER, AND THIS YOUNG GIRAFFE, WHOM WE'LL CALL "JUNIOR," HAS NEVER BEEN AWAY FROM THE HERD. IN FACT, ASIDE FROM SOME FIELD RODENTS, HE HAS NEVER SEEN OTHER ANIMALS!



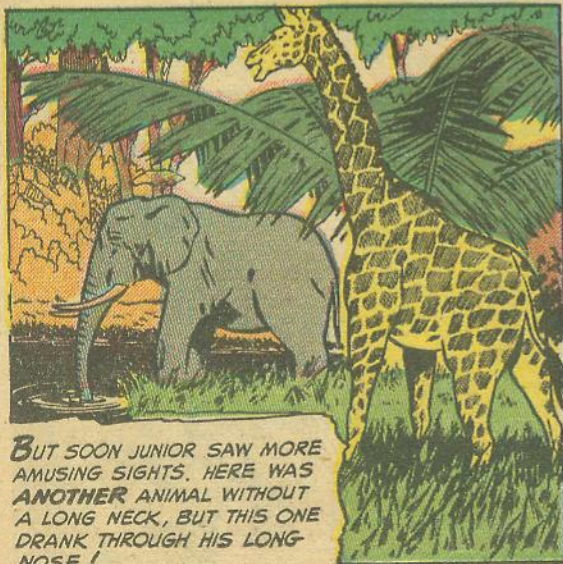
ONE DAY, JUNIOR BECAME SEPARATED FROM THE HERD AND WANDERED OFF INTO THE JUNGLE TO SEE THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD AROUND HIM.



WHEN JUNIOR FIRST SAW THE LEOPARD HE WAS CURIOUS. HE STARED AND THEN LAUGHED OUT LOUD... FOR THE LEOPARD HAD NO LONG NECK!



THE LEOPARD, HOWEVER, DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING TO LAUGH ABOUT, AND HE GROWLED AT JUNIOR SO FIERCELY THAT THE YOUNG GIRAFFE RAN OFF.



BUT SOON JUNIOR SAW MORE AMUSING SIGHTS. HERE WAS ANOTHER ANIMAL WITHOUT A LONG NECK, BUT THIS ONE DRANK THROUGH HIS LONG NOSE!

THE ELEPHANT, ANNOYED AT HIS AUDIENCE, SOON TURNED ON JUNIOR AND CHASED HIM INTO THE JUNGLE...



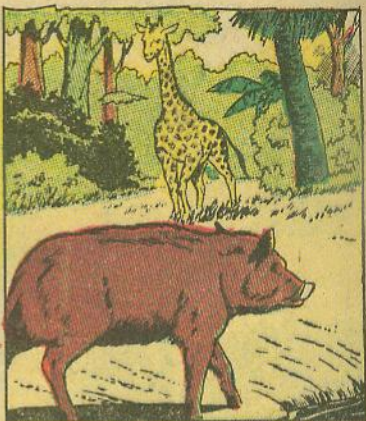


RESTING AT A WATER HOLE JUNIOR SAW MORE STRANGE ANIMALS. SUDDENLY, IT DAWNED ON HIM...

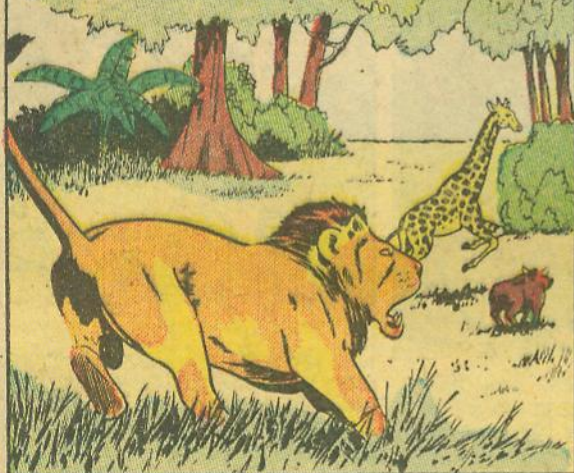


...ALL THE OTHER ANIMALS WEREN'T PECULIAR-- HE WAS! HIS NECK LOOKED AWKWARD AND FUNNY.

WHEN THE NEXT ANIMAL, A WILD BOAR, APPROACHED THE WATER HOLE, JUNIOR TIMIDLY STEPPED OUT. THE BOAR MADE NO MOVE TO ATTACK. JUNIOR HAD FOUND A FRIEND.



BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE ROAR OF AN APPROACHING LION SCARED THEM BOTH OFF INTO THE UNDERBRUSH.



SUDDENLY, JUNIOR'S FEET GOT ALL TWISTED UP IN SOME VINES AND HE WENT DOWN WITH A CRASH. THE LION CAME CLOSER.

BUT THE WILD BOAR USED HIS SHARP TEETH ON THE VINES, AND SOON JUNIOR WAS FREE.



THEN THEY RACED OFF TO SAFETY BEFORE THE LION COULD FIND THEM.





THEY HAD ESCAPED, BUT JUNIOR WAS SAD. HE WAS SO AWKWARD HE COULDN'T EVEN SAVE HIMSELF IN THE JUNGLE. SOON, THE BOAR WENT OFF LOOKING FOR FOOD.



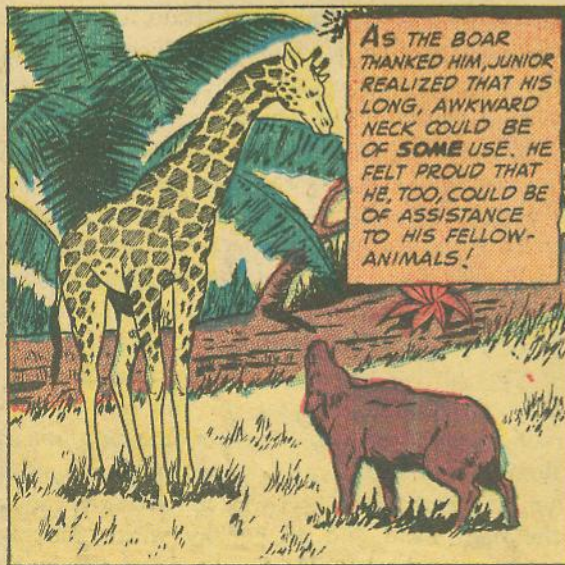
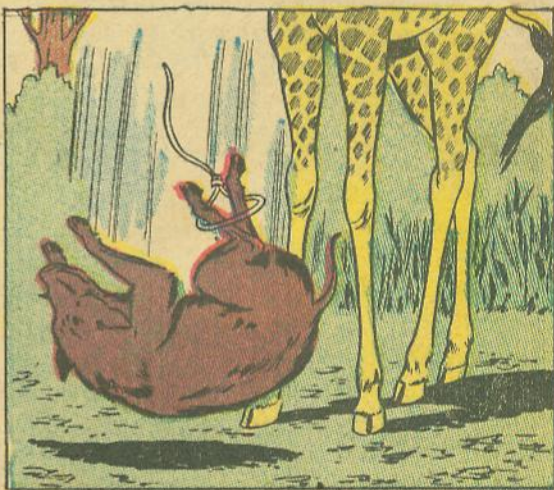
IN A FEW MINUTES JUNIOR HEARD A SWISHING NOISE IN THE BRUSH AND THEN, THE FRIGHTENED SQUEALING AND GRUNTING OF THE BOAR. HIS FRIEND WAS IN DANGER!

JUNIOR RACED TO THE SCENE AND THERE HE SAW THE BOAR CAUGHT IN A HUNTER'S SNARE!

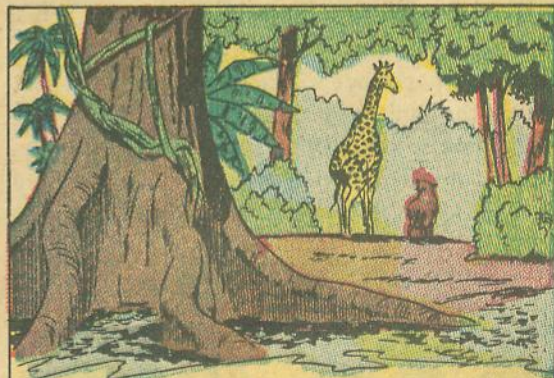


THE TRAPPED BOAR FRANTICALLY PLEADED FOR HELP AND JUNIOR, STRETCHING UP TO HIS FULL HEIGHT, WENT TO HIS FRIEND'S AID.

GNAWING AWAY AT THE LEATHER THONG, JUNIOR BIT CLEAN THROUGH IT, AND HIS FRIEND DROPPED TO THE GROUND.



AS THE BOAR THANKED HIM, JUNIOR REALIZED THAT HIS LONG, AWKWARD NECK COULD BE OF SOME USE. HE FELT PROUD THAT HE, TOO, COULD BE OF ASSISTANCE TO HIS FELLOW-ANIMALS!



JUNIOR REALIZED THAT ALL ANIMALS WERE BUILT DIFFERENTLY TO ENABLE THEM TO LIVE IN THEIR OWN HABITAT, AND WHILE HE WAS DIFFERENT, HE NO LONGER FELT RIDICULOUS! NOW, ON AN EQUAL FOOTING WITH HIS FRIEND, JUNIOR AND THE BOAR WENT OFF INTO THE JUNGLE LOOKING FOR NEW ADVENTURES.

THE END



# The Bird-Man Legend

“THIS,” said Al Bronson grimly to himself, “is the well-known *IT!* Pretty soon I’m going to find out how it feels to die in a plane crash!”

Al sat perfectly relaxed and calm in the cockpit of his tiny Piper Cub plane. His calmness was not heroism; it wasn’t even the phoney kind of heroism that many people put on when they don’t want to admit, even to themselves, how frightened they are. It was, rather, a sort of calm acceptance of whatever fate was in store for him, the attitude which had been bred in him, and all the other boys he had flown with in the terrible days when Eisenhower had battled to establish a safe beachhead on the narrow shores of Europe.

Al knew he had done everything possible to help himself—and he also knew that it wouldn’t work. It was pretty ironical, at that, to come out of five years of daily danger with the Eagle Squadron of the RAF and then with the USAAF, to wind up dead on his first easy civilian job of exploring the back stretches of the Amazon Valley. But it was just one of those things, he thought, as he shrugged his shoulders philosophically.

He stared ahead of him, through the small cockpit of the plane. There, a couple of miles away, clearly visible through the clear morning air, he could see safety, as represented by the smooth plateaus on the other side of the tremendous chasm which separated him from them. If he could only reach that side of the chasm, everything would be fine. First of all, it was smooth and even, and he could set his plane down in comparative comfort. Then, and more important, Al knew that a few miles down from his present location, there was a fairly good path that led down the thousand-foot side of the cliff, and once on the floor of the chasm, he’d be less than ten miles from base camp.

Automatically, Al yanked back the joy-stick of the plane as far as he could, to keep the little ship as high as possible. As he did this, he sensed that it wouldn’t help. He had lost too much altitude, and he would be sure to crash on this side of the

chasm, in the dense, thickly-wooded forests which lined the cliff right up to its very edge. Methodically, he unloaded the camera which he had been using to get shots for the aerial map, and stowed the metal-cased rolls of film in his pockets. At least, if they ever located his body, maybe the photos would be of some use!

Suddenly Al’s eyes narrowed sharply. Out of one corner of his vision, he had seen two things which gave a quick lift to his sinking hopes. There, a trifle north, was a narrow rope-and-vine bridge over the quarter-mile-wide chasm, which meant that there must be human beings living somewhere in the neighborhood; and also, he had caught sight of a tiny clearing near the approach to the bridge.

Al yanked savagely at the rudder, and the Piper Cub veered north. Maybe he *could* make it, after all! If he could only set the ship down without smashing himself into atoms, he could get across to the other side of the chasm, and he’d be okay! For a few minutes Al fought the cross-currents which twisted up from the wooded region, handling his motorless ship as though it were a glider. And, as he slipped and swirled downward in a glide he knew he would make it!

As he approached the cleared spot, his sensitive fingers holding the end of the joystick alert for any slight adjustment, a sudden updraft flung his ship fifty feet into the air, and dropped the plane like a dead weight toward the ground. Al’s last conscious recollection was of the lush green grass and towering trees, which seemed to rush up at his face with the force of an express train. Then everything disappeared in a blinding collision, as he hit the ground and the tiny plane splintered into a mass of twisted metal.

When Al Bronson regained consciousness, his first thought was that he was pretty cramped. When he shifted his shoulders to ease the pressure of his flying suit and the parachute pack on his back, the tension increased, and he found himself trussed up like a package, his hands bound tightly with strong vines which circled his waist and were knotted further to restrict his movements.

Al struggled to his feet, to find himself surrounded by a grim-faced circle of ominously quiet, almost naked natives, each staring unblinkingly at him and each carrying a wicked-looking spear in the right hand and an equally wicked-looking machete in the left. He fought down the quick





fear which welled up within him, and forced his voice to be reasonably calm as he tried the few words of Spanish which he knew, to explain that he was a friend and wanted help.

Silence greeted his speech, and Al realized with a sinking heart that if the natives spoke any language besides their own dialect, it would be Portuguese, the language of Brazil, of which he didn't know a single word!

He struggled to free his hands, hoping to be able to utilize some kind of sign language. With a gesture of contempt, the tallest of the natives stepped forward, slashed downward with his razor-sharp machete, and Al's hands were free. Al grinned in his friendliest way at his liberator, but in that second his hopes died, as the native spoke. The words were thick pidgin English, but their meaning was clear.

"You bird-man," the native grunted. "You white man. Me work white man. Me learn speak white man talk. Indian hate white man. White man bring trouble. Indian kill white man. Then trouble go. Come. You see."

The leader grunted a command and in a second Al was seized by both arms and hustled toward the edge of the high cliff.

With a complete indifference to the vertigo which overwhelmed Al Bronson, as he hung over the steep edge, held by the iron grip of two warriors, the native leader barked another command, and one of his men darted into the underbrush, to return a moment later with three wristwatches, which the chief took and held out for Al to see.

"We take white man magic. Then we kill," the native said calmly. "Like this." He made a swinging gesture with his two arms, indicating clearly the act of throwing something over the edge of the cliff to the floor of the chasm a thousand feet below!

At the chief's next command, the two warriors holding Al loosened their grip of his arms, grabbed his left wrist and stripped off the watch which was strapped there. His arms freed, for a brief fraction of a second, Al found a sudden inspiration! He smacked his right arm down against the open flap pocket on his pants leg, grabbed the magnesium flare which he held there for photos at night or in fog, and all in the same gesture dashed it violently to the ground!

As the flare blazed forth in a terrific spurt of furious fire, Al seized the brief second, in which the natives jumped back in alarm, to sprint at top speed for the narrow, swinging rope bridge which he could see less than a hundred yards away. In his heart he knew the gesture was futile; he was handicapped by his heavy clothes and parachute pack, while the practically-naked natives could certainly move faster than he. But the driving urge for self-preservation forced him on, in spite of his bursting lungs, and before the startled natives could recover enough to speed after him, Al had made the bridge and was crawling out along its swaying, sagging length!

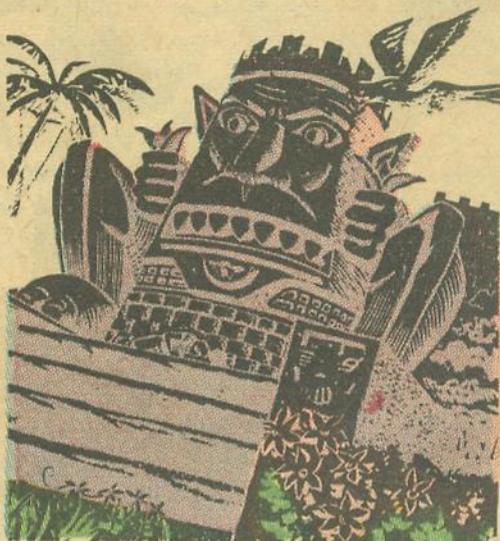
Al worked his way out along the crude chasm crossing, conscious of added vibrations as the natives started to cross the bridge.

Then he heard a booming voice, yelling in native dialect, and over his shoulder Al saw the natives on the rope bridge turn and scuttle back to the edge of the cliff. As he continued across, wondering at the change in his enemies' plan, the leader's booming voice came again. "White man, you die!"

Al froze to immobility and stared as two native warriors, who had just been waiting for their fellows to reach safety, chopped their heavy machetes down on the vines holding the bridge! The entire bridge shook under the impact of the savage thrusts and suddenly free, it dropped like a stone, flinging Al Bronson into the void!

As he dropped, Al's instinctive recollection of years of training came to the fore. Without any conscious realization of what he was doing, his fingers reached up to his breast and yanked at the rip-cord of his parachute!

As the huge nylon sheet opened and caught the wind it fluttered aloft like a giant flower with Al Bronson swinging easily in the harness. Down to the safety of the chasm floor, which would lead him back to his own camp, he drifted. Then Al glanced upward to see the awe-filled, superstitious natives on their knees at the edge of the cliff, salaaming in terror of the white birdman who could sprout his own wings and fly off to safety!



THE END



# JOE BARTON

in

## The RIVER OF ALLAH

LAGOS, STEAMING WEST AFRICAN COAST TOWN AND CAPITAL OF BRITISH NIGERIA, MECCA OF WANDERERS FROM ALL THE CONTINENTS AND THE SEVEN SEAS! AND HERE JOE BARTON MEETS A STRANGE, FANATICAL MAN WHO LEADS HIM INTO THE DARK INTERIOR IN SEARCH OF A LOST AND ANCIENT GLORY, THE LEGENDARY ...

"RIVER OF ALLAH!"



IN THE "EXPLORER'S CLUB," A SHABBY CAFE IN THE HEART OF LAGOS, JOE "DINES" WITH HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND, BARNEY BREWSTER ...

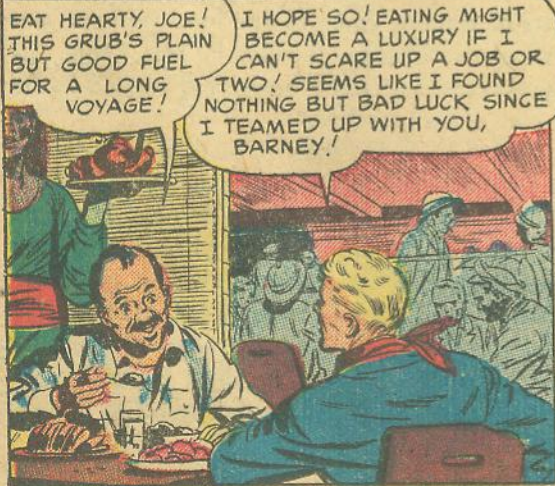
EAT HEARTY, JOE! THIS GRUB'S PLAIN BUT GOOD FUEL FOR A LONG VOYAGE!

I HOPE SO! EATING MIGHT BECOME A LUXURY IF I CAN'T SCARE UP A JOB OR TWO! SEEMS LIKE I FOUND NOTHING BUT BAD LUCK SINCE I TEAMED UP WITH YOU, BARNEY!

BUT I REALLY DON'T MIND! GUESS I ALWAYS *DID* NEED A GOOD BUDDY!

I SURE APPRECIATE IT, JOE! BOY! HOW I WISH WE COULD PAY FOR THIS MEAL!

ALLAH GIVE YOU GOOD DIGESTION, EFFENDI! THE MEAL IS PAID FOR!





I'M MUCH OBLIGED, FRIEND!

THE NAME IS MAHOMET BEN ALI, MERCHANT OF THIS TOWN! I'VE HEARD OF YOU, MR. BARTON, AND I HAVE COME TO ASK YOU TO GUIDE ME ON A **HOLY MISSION!**

HOLY MISSION? NO THANKS, BEN ALI! THAT'S NOT MY LINE! I'M JUST A GUIDE... FOR HIRE!

EFFENDI, PICTURE THE GREAT SAHARA AS IT WAS AGES AGO: A FERTILE GARDEN WHERE ALLAH SMILED—AND MY PEOPLE WERE IN PARADISE!

AND ALL BECAUSE ALLAH MADE A **GREAT RIVER** FLOW THROUGH THE LAND! BUT THEN WE ARABS BECAME WICKED! ALLAH FROWNED, AND CLOSED OFF THE RIVER, MAKING THE SAHARA A BARREN AND UNKIND DESERT!

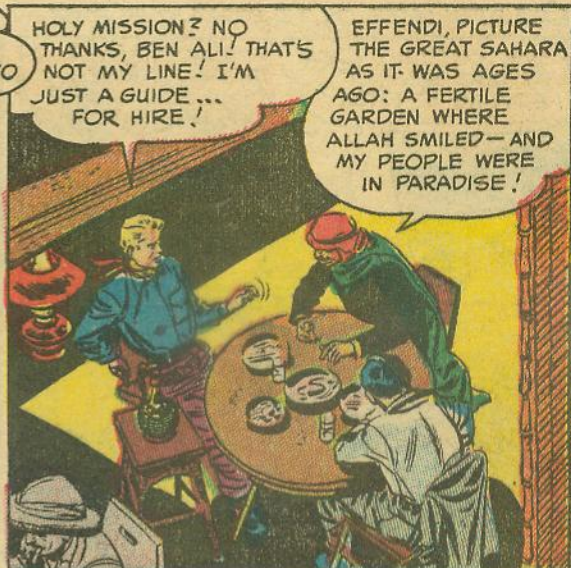
BUT THAT RIVER **STILL LIVES** IN THE NORTHERN MOUNTAINS, TRAPPED IN THE EARTH AND WAITING TO BE RELEASED TO MAKE THE SAHARA BLOOM ONCE MORE! I, MAHOMET BEN ALI, AM DESTINED TO FIND IT...

HE'S LOONY! THAT OLD LEGEND HAS BEEN THE DEATH OF MANY A LIKELY LAD!

**THE RIVER OF ALLAH!** I'VE HEARD OF IT, BARNEY! MAYBE HE'S NOT SO LOONEY AT THAT!

THERE'S GOOD GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCE TO BACK UP THAT LEGEND, BEN ALI, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A GUIDE! BUT I'LL NEED MONEY FOR SUPPLIES!

YOU SHALL HAVE WHATEVER YOU DESIRE!





ONE WEEK LATER, ON THE GREAT NIGER RIVER...

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AT DAWN...



STEADILY, THE PIRATE DHOW BORES IN TO RAM...





SEVERAL DAYS LATER THE PARTY  
DISEMBARKS AT GAO... AND THEN  
PLUNGES INTO THE NORTH REGIONS...

OOH, MY ACHIN'  
SACRO-ILIAC! I'LL  
TAKE THE BRINY  
DEEP ANY DAY!

GET USED  
TO IT,  
BUDDY!  
WE'VE GOT  
TO REACH THE  
MOUNTAINS BEFORE  
THE BAD WEATHER  
SETS IN!



OH! OH! A SAND STORM'S  
BREWING! WE'LL HEAD  
FOR SHELTER IN THE  
NEAREST WADI!



THE SAND STORM HITS WITH  
HOWLING FURY...

WOW! I'VE SEEN  
GALES AT SEA...  
BUT NEVER ANY-  
THING LIKE **THIS!**

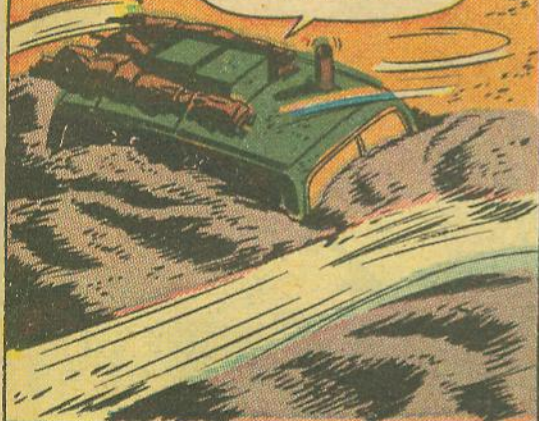
I CAN'T SEE  
A THING!  
WE'LL HAVE  
TO WEATHER  
IT RIGHT  
HERE!



FOR HOURS THE STORM RAGES... UNTIL ...

JOE, WE'RE  
**BURIED!!**

THIS OLD AMMO TUBE  
WILL GIVE US AIR... IF  
THE SAND DOESN'T  
GET HIGHER!



THE NEXT MORNING...

WE WERE LUCKY, BUT  
THE TRUCK'S A MESS!  
C'MON, GUYS —  
LET'S DIG!!

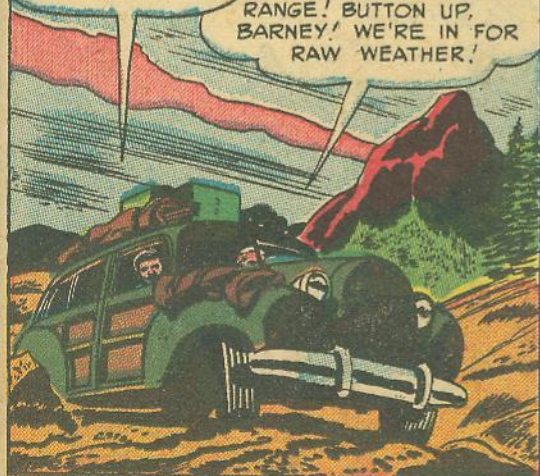


LOOK! THE  
MOUNTAINS! AND  
SOMEWHERE IN  
THEIR MIDST IS ...  
**THE SACRED  
RIVER!!**

FOR DAYS THE EXPEDITION PUSHES ON...

BRRRR! IT'S SURE  
GETTIN' COLD!

WE'RE CLIMBING INTO  
THE OLD VOLCANO  
RANGE! BUTTON UP,  
BARNEY! WE'RE IN FOR  
RAW WEATHER!



AT LAST EVEN THE TRUCK MUST BE ABANDONED...

BLAST THAT BEN 'ALI  
AND HIS LOONY  
RIVER! MY FEET  
ARE KILLIN' ME!

EASY, BARNEY! IT  
SHOULDN'T TAKE  
MUCH LONGER!





WE'RE LUCKY WE FOUND THESE NATIVE PORTERS! FUNNY — THEY SPEAK A DIALECT ALMOST LIKE ARABIC AND THEY'VE NEVER SEEN WHITE MEN BEFORE! WONDER WHERE THEY'RE FROM?

YEAH! ME TOO! SAY — HERE COMES BEN ALI! HE'S SURE HET UP ABOUT SOMETHIN'!

LOOK! IT IS THERE — THE MOUNTAIN HUMPED LIKE A CAMEL! WE ARE NEARING THE RIVER OF ALLAH!

BEN ALI'S RIGHT! LET'S GO! IT DOESN'T LOOK MORE'N A DAYS MARCH FROM HERE!



NEXT AFTERNOON...

JOE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! A WARM VALLEY HIDDEN BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS!

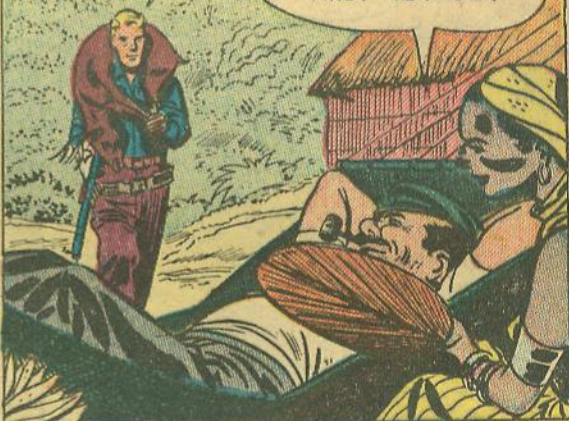
YES! THE PEAKS MUST PROTECT IT FROM THE COLD! THE PORTERS SAY IT HAS VILLAGES AND FRIENDLY NATIVES! WE'LL GO DOWN AND CAMP!



TWO DAYS LATER...

MEAT, BARNEY! THIS VALLEY TEEMS WITH GAME!

AYE, IT'S A REAL PARADISE, LAD! WHAT LOVELY NATIVES! REMINDS ME OF TAHITI ON MY FIRST VOYAGE!



YEAH — YOU TOLD ME THAT ALREADY! SAY, WHERE'S BEN ALI?

UP ON THE MOUNTAIN LOOKIN' FOR HIS RIVER OF ALLAH! BUT THE NATIVES SAY THERE AIN'T NO RIVER! AN' THEY DON'T LIKE HIM SNOOPIN' AROUND!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

EFFENDI! COME QUICKLY! I HAVE FOUND THE RIVER OF ALLAH!

WHAT!! C'MON, BARNEY! SNAP TO IT!





# HIGH UP ON THE CAMEL-BACKED PEAK...

THERE IS THE RIVER! IT WAS DAMNED BY THESE PEOPLE AND MADE TO RUN UNDER-GROUND FOR CENTURIES!

WELL, I'LL BE...IT MUST'VE FLOWED INTO THE VALLEY, MAKING IT A VAST LAKE FEEDING DOWN INTO THE SAHARA!



WELL, YOU'VE FOUND YOUR DREAM, BEN ALI! WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

I SHALL DYNAMITE THE RIVER FREE, MAKING THE SAHARA A GARDEN AGAIN! MAHOMET BEN ALI WILL BE NUMBERED AMONGST THE GREAT!!



THE CRAZY SWAB WILL WIPE OUT THAT PRETTY LITTLE VALLEY!

YEAH—THAT'S WHY I THINK HE'S GONNA HAVE TROUBLE SELLING THE NATIVES THE IDEA!

NEXT DAY, IN THE VALLEY VILLAGE...

WHAT'S THE SCUTTLEBUTT, JOE?

BEN ALI HAS CONVINCED THE NATIVES HE MUST BLOW THE RIVER FREE! THEY DON'T LIKE IT, BUT HE TELLS THEM IT IS ALLAH'S WILL!



POOR DEVILS! BUT I CAN'T HELP THEM AS LONG AS THEY BELIEVE IT IS ALLAH'S WILL! WELL, I'M GOING UP THE MOUNTAIN FOR A LOOK-SEE!



A WHILE LATER...

BARNEY! ROUND UP THE CHIEF AND BEN ALI! I'VE FOUND AN ANCIENT TOMB ON THE MOUNTAIN THAT MAY CHANGE EVERYTHING!

AYE, AYE, JOE!



LATER, ON THE MOUNTAIN...

ONE OF THE NATIVES TRANSLATED THESE OLD TABLETS FOR ME! THEY WERE BY AN ANCIENT PROPHET! THEY SAY IT IS ALLAH'S WILL THE RIVER BE TRAPPED FOREVER!

BAH! NON-SENSE! MAKING THE SAHARA BLOOM AGAIN IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THIS VALLEY!





NO! OLD TABLETS  
DO NOT LIE!  
LET THE WRATH  
OF HEAVEN  
DESCEND ON  
HIM WHO  
WOULD DEFEY  
ALLAH'S WILL!

WELL, I  
GUESS  
THAT'S  
THAT! SAY,  
WHERE'S  
BEN ALI?



BWANA JOE! I  
SEE THIS BEN  
ALI FELLER  
GO TO BIG  
CAVE WITH  
FIRE  
STICKS!!

WHY, THAT  
CRAZY —  
HE'S GOING  
TO BLOW THE  
DAM! C'MON!  
WE'VE GOT  
TO STOP HIM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

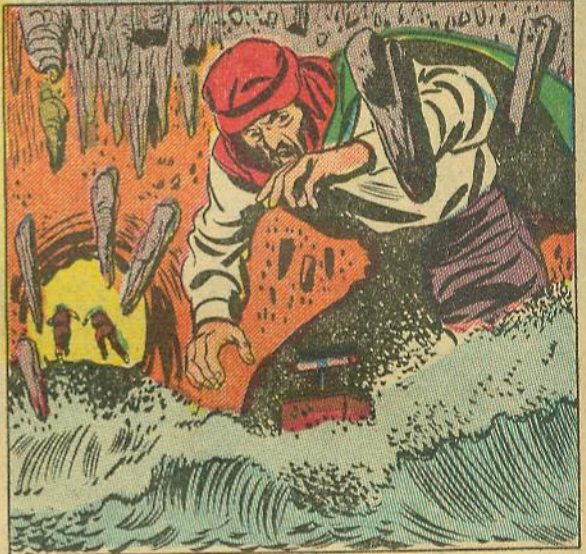
STOP, BEN  
ALI! THIS  
IS MURDER!

WHAT DO THE  
LIVES OR  
HOMES OF  
THESE NATIVES  
MEAN, COMPARED TO  
MY HOLY MISSION?  
STAND BACK!



JOE! HE'S SETTIN'  
OFF THE CHARGES!  
RUN!

BOOM!



RRRRUMBLE!



WOW! YOU OKAY,  
JOE? WHAT  
HAPPENED?

THE DYNAMITE MUST'VE  
CAUSED AN AVALANCHE!  
MAHOMET BEN ALI AND THE  
RIVER ARE BURIED...  
FOREVER! I GUESS  
IT'S THE WILL OF  
ALLAH!

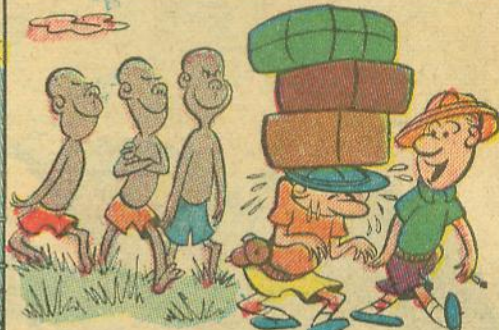
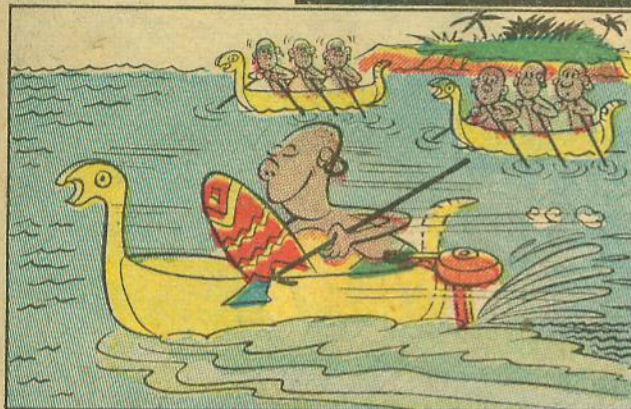


THE END



# AFRICAN ANTICS

VIC MARTIN



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# WILD BOY

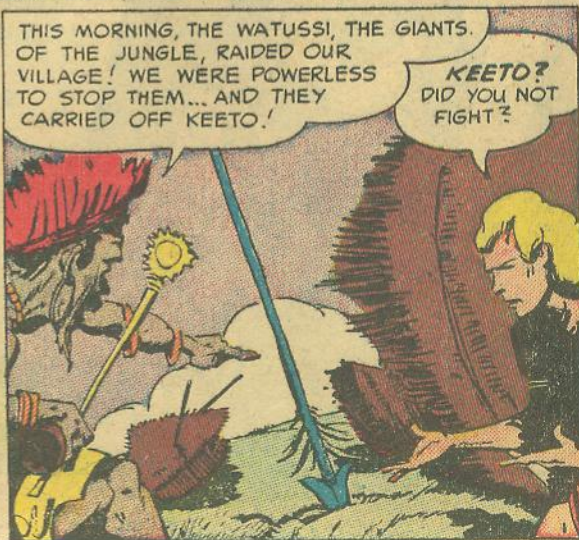
in

## Giants of the Jungle

IN THE SHADOWED JUNGLE, EACH SOUND HAS A SPECIAL MEANING FOR THE PRIMITIVE EAR. WILD BOY IS SUDDENLY ALERTED BY THE DULL BOOM OF A DRUM. ITS SOUND ECHOES DANGER, BUT WILD BOY DOESN'T KNOW YET THAT ITS SUMMONS WILL SEND HIM ON A STRANGE AND DANGEROUS JOURNEY...



MOMENTS LATER, WILD BOY APPEARS BEFORE JABBURI, THE TRIBAL CHIEF...







THE WATUSSI ARE STRONGER THAN DEVILS! WE CANNOT FIGHT AGAINST THEM! I FEAR KEETO IS LOST!

NO, JABBURI! KEETO HAS DONE ME MUCH SERVICE! I CANNOT FORGET HIM!



I GO NOW TO RETURN THIS SPEAR TO THE WATUSSI!

MY BLESSINGS GO WITH YOU, GOLDEN-HAIRED ONE, AND MAY THE JUNGLE GODS SMILE UPON YOU!

A FULL DAY'S JOURNEY BRINGS WILD BOY TO THE WATUSSI VILLAGE...



JABBURI WAS RIGHT! THEY ARE A POWERFUL TRIBE, BUT I HAVE COME THIS FAR AND WILL NOT TURN BACK!



HAI, A WHITE INTRUDER! SEIZE HIM!

QUIET, DARO! IT IS NOT YET TIME TO FIGHT!

AS WILD BOY IS LED TO THE WATUSSI, SUDDENLY...



WILD BOY! YOU HAVE COME FOR ME!

KEETO! THEY HAVE NOT HARMED YOU!



IT WAS FOOLISH OF YOU TO COME! NOW THEY WILL KILL US BOTH!

THE BOY SPEAKS THE TRUTH! YOU ARE BRAVE, GOLDEN-HAIRED ONE, BUT STUPID!



I RETURN THIS SPEAR WHICH YOUR COWARDLY WARRIORS LEFT AT KEETO'S VILLAGE!

O GREAT KING BAALU, LET JAF TA CUT HIS EVIL TONGUE OUT! HE CALLS THE MIGHTY WATUSSI COWARDS!



YES, COWARDS TO RAID AN UNDEFENDED VILLAGE AND SNATCH THE BOY AWAY! YOUR MIGHTY WARRIORS HAVE FALLEN LOW!

SO, YOU WHITE PYGMY! PERHAPS YOU WISH TO TEST OUR STRENGTH? JAFTA, YOU WILL HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO STOP HIS WAGGING TONGUE! COME, LET US GO TO THE FIELD OF CHALLENGE!

IF YOU WIN **ONE** OF THREE CONTESTS AGAINST JAFTA, YOU AND THE BOY MAY LEAVE OUR VILLAGE UNHARMED! IF YOU LOSE ALL THREE...

WE BOTH DIE! I UNDERSTAND! NOW, LET US BEGIN!



WELL DONE FOR A PYGMY. IT IS YOUR TURN, JAFTA! DO NOT DISGRACE US!

LET MY ARM WITHER IF I DO NOT BEAT HIM!

**WILD BOY CROUCHES TO GATHER SPEED FOR THE FIRST CONTEST, A RUNNING JUMP...**

WILD BOY, LISTEN TO ME! YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

I NEED BUT ONE VICTORY, KEETO! THE ODDS ARE GREAT, BUT I WILL NOT RUN AWAY!



**JAFTA'S GREAT LEAP CARRIES HIM PAST WILD BOY'S MARK...**

THERE ARE NO JUMPERS LIKE THE WATUSSI!

HO! HO! JAFTA HAS SHOWN WILD BOY HIS HEELS!



TAKE ONE OF THESE STONES AND CAST IT AS FAR AS YOU CAN!

IT IS A WASTE OF TIME, O KING! THE WEAKLING IS NO MATCH FOR ME!

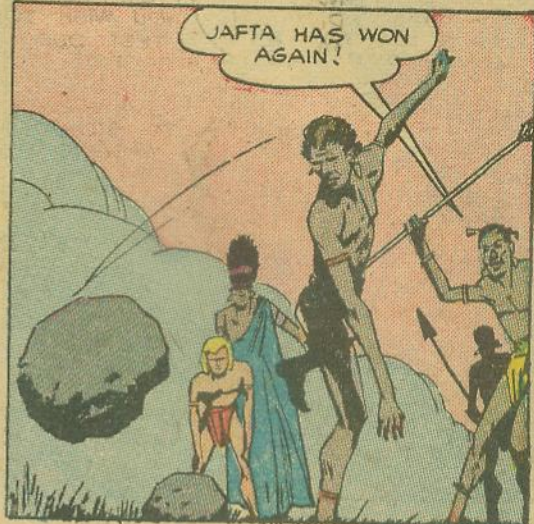




WILD BOY THROWS WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH IN HIS BODY...



IN THE UNEQUAL CONTEST, JAF TA'S THROW OUTSTRIPS WILD BOY'S...







UNABLE TO KILL A DEFENSELESS MAN, WILD BOY RISES, BUT KING BAALU VENTS HIS FURY...



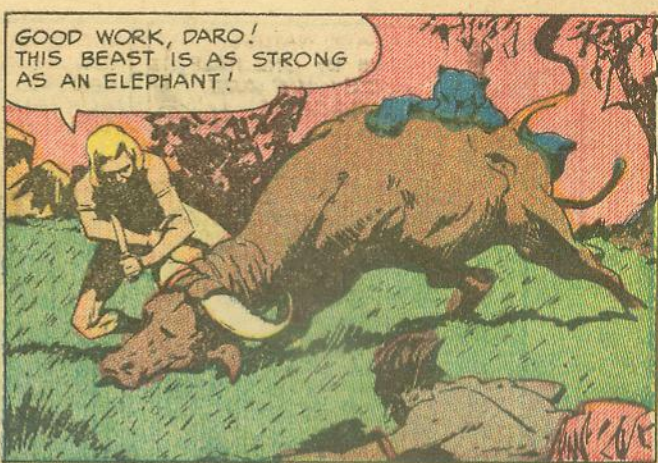
AS WILD BOY AND KEETO LEAVE THE WATUSSI VILLAGE...







GOOD WORK, DARO!  
THIS BEAST IS AS STRONG  
AS AN ELEPHANT!



AGAIN AND AGAIN WILD  
BOY'S KNIFE PLUNGES  
HOME UNTIL THE BEAST  
WEAKENS...

WILD BOY, YOU HAVE TAUGHT  
MY TRIBE A LESSON! BRAVERY  
DOES NOT DEPEND UPON  
GREAT SIZE OR STRENGTH  
ALONE, FOR IT LIES IN  
THE HEART!



GRRRRRR!

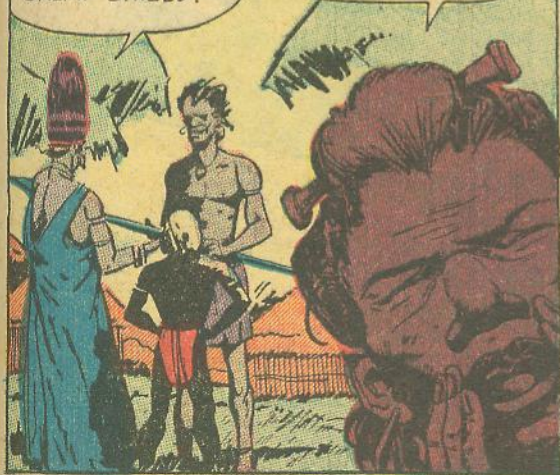


BRAVER  
THAN ALL WAS  
JAFITA WHEN HE  
ATTACKED THIS  
BEAST TO DEFEND  
HIS VILLAGE!



AND WITH THIS SPEAR  
I RESTORE YOU TO  
OUR TRIBE, JAFITA!  
NOW, FETCH MY  
GREAT SHIELD!

THE GREAT  
SHIELD! BRING  
THE KING'S  
GREAT SHIELD!



MOMENTS LATER...

GIVE THIS SHIELD  
TO JABURRI AS MY PLEDGE  
OF ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP! NEVER  
AGAIN WILL THE WATUSSI  
MOLEST A WEAKER TRIBE!

BY THIS SIGN YOU  
PROVE THAT THE  
WATUSSI ARE INDEED  
GREAT WARRIORS! NOW  
YOU ARE TRULY, THE  
GIANTS OF THE JUNGLE!



THE  
END



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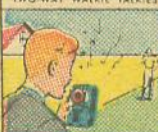


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This 15" tall  
SILVER TROPHY  
JUST AS I DID IN  
10 MINUTES  
OF FUN  
A DAY!



# I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

## 2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below  
ARMED WAS ME  
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE  
YOUR LAST  
CHANCE  
TO GET FOR  
ALL 5 **10¢**  
PICTURE  
PACKED COURSES  
MILLIONS HAVE  
BEEN SOLD FOR  
**\$1 AND MORE**

When I enrolled I was  
a skinny, sick weak-  
ling. As you can see  
in my "before" Photo I  
looked like a child...  
years younger than my  
age. I was ashamed to  
take a picture in bath-  
ing trunks as I do now.  
I was shy with girls  
because I had nothing  
to show off. A few  
weeks after starting  
the Jowett Course my  
body was the best in  
the neighborhood. Now  
I get respect and ad-  
miration from every  
fellow and girl I meet.

*Roger D. Hirsch*  
NEW YORK

There's that  
skinny scarecrow  
ROGER. Let's  
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH  
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.  
Look at him NOW—  
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN  
from Head to Toe  
as **YOU**  
can be  
soon!

Roger  
Hirsch  
before

**NO!** friend you  
don't have to be  
**SKINNY** any more  
just mail **NOW**  
the **FREE**  
coupon below  
as I did. Soon  
**YOU** can add

**6½ inches** to your **CHEST**  
**3 inches** to each **ARM**  
and the rest  
in proportion  
just as I did.

**Come on, PAL, NOW  
YOU GIVE ME**

**10 PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE  
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY  
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest  
Builder of HE-MEN

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're  
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're  
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST  
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER  
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck  
to a Champion of Champions.

**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to  
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND  
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY,  
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American  
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't  
cost you one solitary cent.

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES  
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way  
known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, MY  
"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5 ways  
fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like  
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail  
coupon NOW!

**MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!**

**BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!**  
**1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN**  
**2. MUSCLE METER**

Dept. ZD-27

Jowett Courses  
greatest in  
World for  
Building  
All-Around  
HE-MEN!  
—P. F. Kelley  
Director  
Physical

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.  
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of  
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building  
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a  
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build  
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One  
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢  
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_